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ERRORS

OF

AMERICAN STATESMEN;

Possible Impeachment of Grant.

BY

SALVADOR.

"Party is the madness of many for the gain of the few"—

DEFOE.

NEW YORK:

E. O'KEEFE, PRINTER AND STATIONER,

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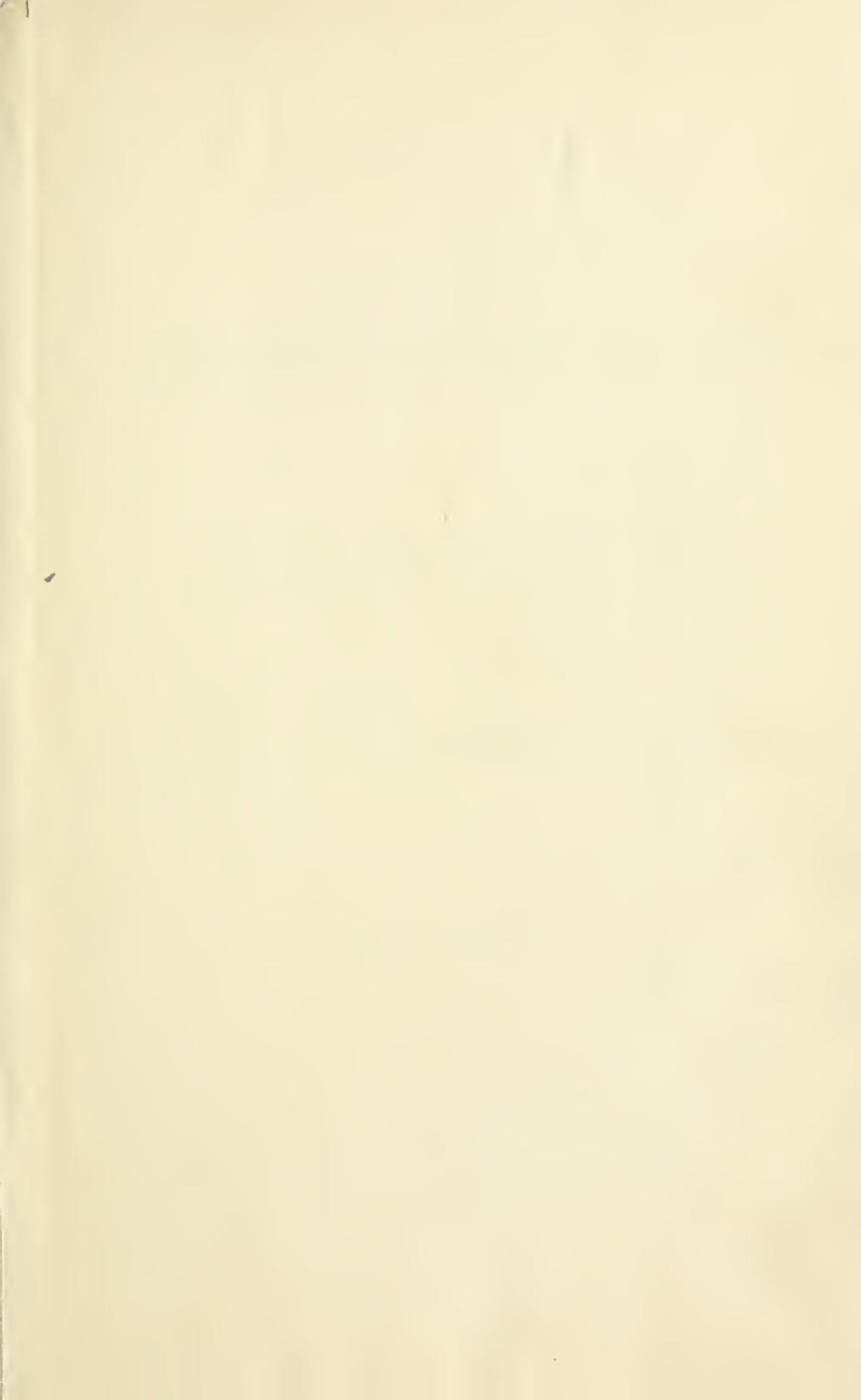
1875.





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E R R O R S

OF

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ERRORS

OF

American Statesmen.

POSSIBLE IMPEACHMENT OF GRANT.

It is hardly necessary to inform the most ignorant that England has repeatedly made war upon America; and that she was animated during those wars with the most deadly hostility to this republic. But, when England, baffled and defeated, was compelled to recoil before the rising and radiant energy of America; when, cowed by the terrors of battle, she reluctantly relinquished her grasp of this country, England did not forgive the young republic. On the contrary, she cherished then, as she does this moment, the deadliest hatred; and malignantly resolved

“To work in close design by fraud and guile,
What force effected not.”

She had repeatedly boasted that she was invincible—that she had measured her strength with the greatest powers in Europe, and reaped laurels of victory from fields of death; that no nation had defeated her armies. The only people who can boast of overwhelming English armies with irretrievable defeat are the Americans. They, and they alone, blighted her laurels by compelling her to yield. It is impossible to suppose, that England was not profoundly mortified by this result, and did not regard the young republic with invidious jealousy and “visage discomposed,”

“Oft changed to pale ire, envy and despair.”

If such an idea be formed, the facts of history will repudiate them. England did envy this republic, and envies it still. It is preposterous to suppose that England, in peace, did not labor to avenge herself—did not clandestinely intrigue against this na-

tion—that she did not struggle by clandestine machinations to subvert that prosperity for which we were indebted to our triumphs in battle; that she did not endeavor to beguile us to ruin by her craft, as in periods of war she bombarded our cities and butchered our patriots. This is impossible. It is admitted on all hands, that during the recent rebellion the English, intolerant of American prosperity, labored to gratify their grudge against this illustrious republic, by fostering treason, and furnishing the Confederates with the munitions of war. It is equally certain, that were it not for England there would be no rebellion at all.

Immediately after the war of 1812, in which the armies of England were baffled by the hand of an Irishman before the battered wall of New Orleans—the Satanic aristocracy of England determined to break up this republic by secret wiles and covert stratagem—to murder the people with their own hands, whom its “hireling chivalry” had failed to destroy with the sword. With this object they raised a cry against negro slavery which they themselves had introduced into America. Their press teemed with publications

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa”

which denounced American slavery as the scandal of the world. They hired the venal talent of Great Britain to elaborate philippics on this subject, which were re-printed in New York, and poured over the length and breadth of the republic.

“Which sent them winged with worse than death,
Through all our maddening nation.”

Able and unprincipled writers, like Hall and Trollope, Martineau and Dickens, were picked up; paid well, and sent hither, to write libels and hold up the manners of our people to the laughter of the world. One of these itinerant vagabonds produced nine volumes of slander and invective. The pulpit and the press, painting, sculpture, music and the drama, were subsidized by a scoundrel aristocracy, and enlisted in the crusade preached by England against American institutions. This hypocritical cry, which went up from Britain and filled Europe, was echoed on this side of the Atlantic and filled America. Novels, like “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” penned by the loathsome hand of mendacious hypocrisy teemed from the press and deluded the imaginations of the young, as the diatribes of the pulpit swayed and embittered the sanctimonious elders, while the American newspapers in the pay of English abolitionists swelled a cry which was entirely uncalled for, by clamors which were entirely corrupt and venal. The consequence was that the South, galled and maddened by this eternal torrent of outrageous invective, flung off the obligations of justice and openly rebelled. The malice of England was gratified by fields flowing

with blood, and the massacre of millions; and she sent up a shout of Satanic delight—of fiendish exultation—which was heard with indignant surprise by the listening nations of Continental Europe. The intensity of her hatred was revealed by the exuberance of her joy. It is simply absurd to suppose that the abolition of slavery was the object of the English. They cared nothing for the negroes. Their object was not the elevation of the slave, but the downfall of this republic. The most atrocious system of slavery that ever existed on the face of the earth receives at this moment the hearty approval of England. In Turkey, which is upheld by Britain, slavery assumes its most revolting form. The late Sultan had 5,000 slaves in his Seraglio, and every one of his wealthier subjects is an owner of slaves; but the anxiety of England to uphold that despotism can be equalled only by her earnest desire to pull down this republic.

Now, if the hideous deformity of the horse-mouthed African elicit the sympathies of American "nigger worshippers," there is no obvious reason why the rosy beauty of Circassian females should not command commiseration. The latter had the merits and misfortunes without the defects and deformities of the negro. Be this as it may, the slave-trade of Turkey is marked by features as revolting as those which our fastidious sentimentalists discovered with horror in the African slave-trade; and were the Wilberforces of England, or Beecher Stowes of America, endowed with a particle of common honesty, they would have extracted the beam from the salacious eye of the tiger-hearted Turk before they attempted to remove the mote from the eye of the American Christian. This is what they would have done. But if the hypocrites did this they would have damaged the interests of England, which they loved; they would not have damaged the interests of America, which they hate. Happily for humanity, the Circassian slave-trade which those odious theologues culpably connived at, has been mitigated or suppressed by the manly courage and Christian benevolence of the Emperor of Russia. But still the traffic in human flesh, under the patronage of England, is carried on triumphantly by the tiger-hearted Turk, the most ferocious of human savages. This is what the philanthropists of America and Europe—were they not hypocrites—should have turned their attention to; but this would not have damaged the United States; they could not have wrecked the home of liberty under the transparent pretext of freeing the slave. The purposes of envious England could not have been realized through their instrumentality. Hence they abstained from intermeddling with Turkey? Were it not for this criminal backsliding—this reprehensible tenderness towards English interests, some of those able pens which limned the sufferings of the African would, perhaps, have painted the young Greek boy writhing in agony and screaming with torture under the emasculating knife of the bloodthirsty

Mussulman.* The yells of pain which the savage operation extorted from the classic lips of beautiful youths would have been heard in every city of this republic, if the honesty were equivalent to the talent of our literati. These gifted masters of pen-craft would not have been exclusively engrossed by the woolly-heads and horse-mouths of the uncouth savages of barbarous Africa. They would have found a charm in the resplendent eyes, the ample foreheads, the silky hair, the faultless features of the gifted children of intellectual Greece. It seems evident from all this that England's outcry against negro slavery was profoundly hypocritical; for if the suppression of slavery were the real object of her philanthropy, she would have found on the shores of the Bosphorus objects of commiseration more worthy of Christian sympathy—she would not have labored to prop up the sanguinary despotism of Turkey as energetically as she labored to subvert the benevolent Republic of America. But American liberty, not negro bondage, was the true object of England's aversion. She sought to rob the exile of an asylum—not to relieve the negro from a chain.

Were the statesmen of America as able and far-sighted as those of England they would not have allowed the fires of civil war to be kindled in their country by the veiled hands of Great Britain. Instead of suffering their country to be made the theatre of hostilities, they would (if they were patriots) have anticipated that incendiary power. They would not have culpably sacrificed the interests of America to those of Great Britain. They would have got up a rebellion in Ireland instead of stupidly allowing England to kindle a rebellion in Louisiana. This they could have easily done. Failing to do their duty they are responsible for the oceans of American blood shed in the late civil war. They should have prevented that waste of blood and treasure by laming and crippling the worst enemy of republican liberty; but they failed to do so. In justice to such men we must say that they shrank from espousing the Irish cause because it was not genteel; a motive worthy of American statesmen; but they did not shrink for a moment from the withering imputation of perfidy to American interests. An accurate estimate of their abilities may be gathered from the damning fact that they proclaimed in the loudest tone, non-interference in the affairs of foreign States to be the duty of America, but they took no pains to prevent the mischievous interference of Britain in their own. Their incapacity as statesmen may be estimated by this circumstance. They proclaimed the doctrine of non-interference, but they never did—they never could realize it. Their incapacity was too great. This republic interferes with every monarchy on earth. It is a standing menace to every aristocracy. And our men have the stu-

*See statement laid before the International Consular Commission by the chiefs of the Herzegovinian insurgents.

pidity to say they will not interfere ! Was there ever such absurdity ? They proclaim themselves, with the utmost self-complacency—amid the laughter of the world—capable of performing the impossible. Had they no duty to perform to America ? Was the safety of their fellow-citizens—their lives and property—of no value in their eyes ? What were they appointed for ? They should have known—what is obvious to the world—that the existence of the United States is incompatible with that of England, as the existence of the British monarchy is incompatible with the United States. Every *Bauer* who sends ten dollars to his kinsmen in *Vaterland*—which he never could accumulate at home—silently protests against monarchy—silently convinces his countrymen of the advantages of republicanism. His ten dollars are an intervention ; they nullify the policy of our presidential impostors.

The statesmen who originated the doctrine of non-intervention were bound as patriots and honest men to devise a means of rendering that doctrine harmless to the United States. It was their duty to see that no danger resulted to the republic. When they tied the hands of America they were bound to watch and see that a skulking enemy—venomous and vigilant—did not avail himself of her helplessness to crawl cautiously behind and strike her elandestinely in the back ! They must have known that the duties of a patriot are not satisfactorily accomplished when he skulks into cowardly inactivity. That he has more to do than sit down ; that he should have genius enough to excogitate a means of warding off the evil consequences of his dastardly policy. That he should not allow his caution to overmatch his wisdom. He should not suffer an invidious enemy, availing herself of his fatuity, to plunge his country into an ocean of blood by basely attempting, in furtherance of foreign interests, to curry favor with the irreconcilable. He should have capacity to understand that choice is impossible to men in his position. America must be the hammer or the anvil. I say nothing of the claims of humanity—the statesmen of America—the base and stupid, the cunning and corrupt, are insensible to those claims. To their selfishness and turpitude humanity is a word without meaning. It would be vain to speak of it to them. Nevertheless, I must say that if the hundredth part of the sympathy which was lavished on the sleek and well fed blacks had been given to the famishing people of Ireland the horrors of the late rebellion in the South would have been spared to the United States. Humanity and justice would have proved, in this case at least, the best policy. But, replete with English prejudices, American statesmen deemed it hard to help Ireland up to liberty, though they had no reluctance to allow English intrigue to plunge America into civil war. On the whole I must say, in common justice to those men, that the policy of American statesmen with reference to Ireland has been as wise

and enlightened as the theology of their philosophic ancestors who burned witches at Salem.

It has been said that in the character of a great man we invariably detect something of the child. But however carefully we peruse the character of our political swindlers we rarely detect a childish trait in their idiosyncrasy. They are cunning but not wise. The men who succeed in making themselves rich—by pocketing public money—will be sure to fail in making their country great by warding off “the long aimed blows” of the old “sea wolf.” The most characteristic trait in the history of American statesmen is that they sacrificed millions of human lives—killed like flies—and millions of American property burned like tinder—to the scornful refinement which fastidiously turned away from the vulgar brogue of the Irishman. They were certainly men worthy of the contempt and scorn with which indignant Europe has visited their base and narrow capacities. They remind one of that pagan people mentioned by Elien, who sacrificed an ox to a fly.

It may, of course, be alleged that under the guidance and government of these men the prosperity of the States has been eminently brilliant. It is susceptible of proof, however, that America has been prosperous, not in consequence of their wisdom, but in spite of their incapacity. When we consider the physical advantages which America enjoys, her ample rivers, her fertile prairies, her noble forests, her salubrious climate, the extent of her sea coast and the capacity of her harbors, her mines, her fisheries and fertile soil—above all, if we consider the virtues of her people—so intrepid in war and so orderly in peace, so untiring in labor, so fearless in navigation, so daring in enterprise, so ingenious in discovery, so prolific of invention, so indefatigable in commerce, the wonder will be, not that America is great, but that her magnitude is not infinitely more colossal. If we consider the peculations of her statesmen, we are astonished that she is not poor; if we consider her resources, we are amazed that she is not rich.

We should be glad if it depended upon us to apprise our statesmen of a fact which they are at present entirely unacquainted with—that Europe contains a country named Ireland. That European country is an island “with her back unto Britain her face to the West.” This is a very important truth which American statesmen, for very solid reasons, are intentionally blind to; and “none are so blind as those who will not see.” To see Ireland would be to profit America; to ignore it is to profit Great Britain; and, of course, Americans filially prefer the interests of the “Mother Country” to those of the colonial daughter. Ireland, they must know, contains five millions of inhabitants. Now it is a curious fact that the most famous nations in the ancient world were in population and extent of territory,

inferior to Ireland. Macedonia, the native country of Alexander the Great—the conqueror of the world, contained in the meridian of its glory, but one million of inhabitants.

The Republic of Carthage, the great rival of Rome, occupied a territory in Northern Africa little more extensive than modern Portugal. Holland, when, with the *assistance of England*, she shook off the yoke of Spain and bade defiance to the armies and navies of the greatest power in the world, was hardly more extensive or populous than Ulster in Ireland. When Prussia, in the last century, under the leadership of her immortal Frederick, encountered France, Austria, Prussia and Sweden, fought them single handed and vindicated her supremacy, she had only half the population of Ireland, or two millions two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants (2,240,000). Portugal, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Bavaria, Switzerland, Saxony, Greece and Piedmont are all inferior in population and extent to Ireland. They are incapable of mustering the same number of fighting men. They are inferior in revenues, resources and the natural power of defending their liberties. There are only six kingdoms in Europe which surpass Ireland in size, fertility, revenue and population. These are France, Britain, Austria, Russia, Spain and Germany. But of these one at least, Austria, is made up of conflicting populations—a heterogeneous mass of discordant elements, and may at any moment break up into scattered and independent nations. It would be no exaggeration to say that there are only five countries in Europe superior to Ireland.

Ireland is larger than Portugal by 4,649 square miles. She surpasses Bavaria and Saxony combined by 4,473 square miles. She exceeds Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, taken in mass and considered as but one territory, by 1,429 square miles. In short, there are fifteen independent States in Europe which are inferior in extent and population; eighteen which are inferior in population alone. At least such was the case a few years ago.

The source of Ireland's calamities is the profound knowledge of her resources which the statesmen of England (always superior to those of America) possess. *They* know very well, though Americans do not, that the commerce and merchandize of Manchester, Bristol and Liverpool must skirt the Irish shore before it can arrive at its destination, and to secure the safety of their commerce they beggar Hibernia. They know very well that Ireland has not only more harbors than Britain—she has more harbors than any other country in Europe. It is on this account that England has fastened a death grip on her throat and will not suffer her to rise, lest Ireland's elevation should be Britain's fall. It is owing to her deep-seated fears that the "old sea wolf" will not tolerate industry, manufactures or commerce, or even tillage, in Ireland. As a French writer said many years ago, when commenting on a well known passage in Tacitus, relative to the superiority of Irish

harbors: "Ireland, if she could shake off the British yoke and form an independent State, would ruin the commerce of England. But unfortunately for Ireland, Britain is too well convinced of this truth."

This was the opinion of Major Mitchell, writing in 1837 in *Frazer's Magazine*: "As an independent country," said the Major, "Ireland would become a citadel, or *tete de pont*, from whence the forces of America, France or Spain could easily assail our shores, and strike at the very root of our life and power. Her excellent southern and western harbors might receive the armaments of our enemies. Her rich soil would refresh, her resources equip them and her eastern ports would send them forth against any part of our long and indefensible coast from Cape Wrath to Land's End. Without a navy, but merely by the aid of a few miserable privateers, she might effectually blockade Glasgow, Liverpool and Bristol, rendering St. George's Channel almost useless for commercial purposes, and endangering even the whole of our western navigation. Ireland, as a separate State, would be a shield in the hands of our enemies, beneath the shelter of which a sword might be constantly kept pointed at the very heart of the empire."

It is on this account—animated by mortal dread—lest Ireland should be utilized for American purposes, that England a few years ago plunged the United States into the horrible calamities of civil war, drowned her fields in blood and strewed them with carcasses, and filled millions of once happy homes with the voice of unconsolable grief and screams of intolerable anguish. On this account, too, she is preparing this moment, with the aid of President Grant, to plunge America into a religious war with the view of arresting our prosperity and extinguishing our commerce and manufactures. President Grant, with English gold jingling in his capacious pocket, "predicted," we are told, "that in the next political struggle the dividing line will be between patriotism and intelligence on the one side and superstition, ambition and ignorance on the other." To say that American statesmen serve English interests, in this way, without pecuniary compensation, is to insult their intelligence; to assert that they do so for a bribe is to describe them as miscreants of the vilest type.

Certain politicians in this country have been known to ask, "Are the Irish sufficiently educated for the enjoyment of liberty? Are they worthy of freedom?" But they forget that the statesmen of Great Britain—the writers and orators of England—asked no such fatuous question when urging the liberation of the blacks. At least if they did their efforts were not arrested by the interrogatory. They went on in an untiring agitation for the abolition of slavery until the American public were bewildered, distressed and distracted by the hurly-burly which finally gave birth to the horrible and murderous apparition of civil war.

The reason of this is very obvious. In the English heart hatred of America is an ardent passion; in the American breast the love of country is a feeble sentiment. As Peabody sacrificed his fortune to London, the citizen of America is too often ready to sacrifice the United States to Great Britain. The moment American statesmen are honest, England is ruined. Because *then* (should such a time ever arrive) they will cease to foster religious strife for the profit of a foreign country. As it is, the animating principle of a true "Republican" seems to be—servility to Britain and indifference to his native land. Animated by this principle, President Grant invites dissension by predicting discord. He knows the old historic maxim that prophecies, if widely diffused, operate upon the public mind so as to produce their own realization. Hence, he aspires to figure as the "black prophet" of the United States. Grant is a military man, and he hopes to derive from war the perpetuation of his ill-omened rule. He knows that the Republics of antiquity—of mediæval Italy and modern France were subverted by successful soldiers. He cherishes the idea which the poet has so well expressed:

Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat heureux."

He hopes to profit by the calamities of his country and to produce he predicts them. He knows very well that the British Government have opened in Canada the first act of the lugubrious tragedy which will, as he hopes, drown this Republic in blood. They have excogitated the Guibord affair for the purpose of awakening discussion in the United States, to provoke discord and call up confusion, and thereby paralyse industry and blight commercial enterprise. The Guibord affair, which has spread like wildfire through the length and breadth of America, is already producing an amount of commotion and hubbub that has been rarely surpassed. It is discussed by evangelical pens in the most uncharitable spirit, and dissension and dispute, acrimony and exasperation, have followed its introduction and will grow wilder and fiercer as it goes on. It is discussed in the public prints with a spirit the most dishonest and designs the most mischievous with the obvious and unmistakable purpose of fanning the flame and augmenting the conflagration. Now, it is as perfectly clear as the noonday that the fierce faction termed "Nativeism," that "Know Nothing" riots, tumult and disorder, invective and violence, will not promote the prosperity of the United States. On the contrary, they will arrest industry and advance England; and, therefore, it is our interest and our duty to put them down. If Grant were an honest servant of the Republic he would not pander to English avarice for the destruction of American interests. He would not stigmatize as "superstitious" the bravest citizens of the United States. He would not aggrieve the friends while delighting the enemies of America; it would be his grati-

fication not to stimulate disturbance, but to foster tranquility; not to sound the tocsin of religious war, but to enforce the observance of law.

We should never forget what President Buchanan said in 1860, viz.: "The long continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States at last produced its natural result." It produced civil war. This interference would never have taken place if it had not been stimulated by the clandestine malignity of England; if the pestiferous literature of Europe had not poisoned the influential minds of the North. Some future statesman will possibly tell us, speaking of 1875, "The long continued and intemperate interference of the American Protestants with the question of Catholicity at last produced its natural results."—that is, war and bloodshed, tumult and conflagration, and what is worse—if possible than these—perpetuity of power to General Grant.

Previously to 1861 the Northerners hated slavery, and the English availed themselves of that abhorrence to kindle the fires of civil war in America. So in 1875 the Northerners hate "Popery," and the English avail themselves of that antipathy to fan the flame of intolerance, create confusion, discord and conflagration in America. In this way the Americans are out-witted and befooled. In both these cases, alike in 1861 and 1875, English Literature, calculated to exasperate, concocted to inflame the American mind, is the cause of American disaster.

Now, if Grant were an honest man, he would not allow the English to work upon the weakness of his countrymen; he would not suffer them "to come at the blind side" of the Republicans. He would tell the English minister, in so many words, "If you create discord in America I shall excite rebellion in Ireland." This is what he would say were he an honest man; he would save his country, cost what it might. But he sees, or fancies that he sees, his individual profit in the coming calamities of this Republic,

One thing is quite clear, some means should be found to relieve this Republic from the ruinous and distracting effects of English intrigues; from the pernicious teachings of a subsidized press, which is bribed by British hands to misdirect the American mind and damage American interests. The avidity with which this press seized upon the Gribord affair and trumpeted it to the four winds, with the view of embroiling our citizens and pitting class against class; the moral profligacy, the utter disregard for truth, which characterized its lucubrations, afford convincing proof that the injury of American interests was the object of the venal writers. "It is certain," says a New York paper, "that if the Privy Council of the realm (England), the highest tribunal known to the law, decided against the Catholic Church, that its decision will be enforced if it requires all the military and naval power of England.

Reasonable men will also say that a decision from so high and respected a tribunal must be equitable and just. The Privy Council is sure to decide a question of this kind upon its merits as a matter of law and not from religious feeling, therefore, we repeat, that it is unfortunate for a Catholic Bishop to assume the position of antagonising the crown."

The profligate indifference to truth which the preceding paragraph exhibits, its obvious malignity and flagrant falsehood, prove to demonstration that the English party in this country will have recourse to any expedient; will "make their arrows of any wood" to poison the minds, paralyze the industry and jeopardise the interests of the United States.

The writer knew perfectly well when penning the preceding lines, that the tribunal he extols as "equitable and just," could neither be just nor equitable, and that it is utterly impossible for the Privy Council of Great Britain to decide impartially in such cases, and this, because it consists of members who have individually sworn on entering office that the Catholic Church is "damnable and idolatrous." Now, the writer knew this perfectly well; he must have known that the Privy Council had prejudged the case. He knew that they could not be "equitable and just" for this obvious reason. It was their solemn duty, if they were not perjurers, to decide against an institution prejudicial to mankind not only here, but hereafter. They could not be impartial, unless guilty of perjury. To act honestly as judges, they should forswear themselves as Privy Councillors. This he must have known. Let us suppose for a moment that the proprietor of that newspaper was about to be tried for libel, and that a jury was empanelled who had made oath on the holy evangelists that he was a political swindler, would he submit to be tried by that jury? I mention this case as one of many, to show that the pro-English party in this country will stick at nothing to realize their wicked designs; that they are reckless as to truth, heedless of danger, and determined at any risk to wrap this Republic in flames. This seems to be placed beyond question by the declaration of the writer that "the Privy Council," which is sworn to be unjust, "is sure to decide a question of this kind upon its merits."* The mendacity of this writer is demonstrated by his other assertion that the Privy Council of England is "the highest tribunal known to the law." No; the House of Lords is the highest tribunal known to English law; a tribunal to which George IV. appealed when he charged his wife with adultery, and to which a much greater man, Daniel O'Connell, likewise appealed when mendaciously charged with "conspiracy to intimidate Government." The Privy Council is not an open court, but a private cabal, as its very name implies, in which atrocious international crimes are hatched by unprincipled scoundrels. The villians who paid American Indians

*See *New York Herald*, Sept. 11, 1875.

to scalp American citizens were possibly Privy Councillors, and from that dark chamber of flagitious machinations issued the order which forbade in 1861 the exportation of saltpetre and sulphur, lest, by the manufacture of gunpowder, Americans should effect the suppression of rebellion. In a single year a hundred merchantmen, the property of American citizens, were captured by privateers, whose piratical rapacity was secretly sanctioned by this nefarious cabal.

England in her dealings with America resembles the assassin in Chaucer. She is

“The smiler with the knife under the cloak.”

She is the “ambushed foe” described by the poet:

“Who to enmity adds the traitor’s part,
And carries a smile with a curse below.”

Her professed friendship cannot be her sincere sentiment. Her hatred of our nation does not depend upon her volition. It is a spontaneous and involuntary emotion which is not the result of choice. She cannot help it. It is the outcome of circumstances over which she has no control. It is contrary to the nature of things that Britain should be sincerely friendly to America. In every age of the world it has been the proud prerogative of Republicans to surpass in maritime enterprise the most favored subjects of monarchical governments. It is no exaggeration to say that the empire of the seas is the birthright of freemen. This is clearly proved by every page of American history. For skill, dexterity, courage and presence of mind, the American seaman is perfectly matchless, and sooner or later, by his incomparable merits, he must wrench from the hands of England the trident of Neptune, which is the sceptre of the world. If this be so, the prosperity of America must be the ruin of Great Britain. She must gradually sink into the faded condition of a second rate power. The English aristocracy are perfectly conscious of this, and will avail themselves of every instrumentality to retard the destiny which they know to be inevitable.

One instrumentality is open war, which they employed in 1812; the other is secret machination, which they employed in 1850. They will convulse the Republic by internal faction which they failed to overturn by piratical war. They thoroughly understand the character of the Irish who are spread through this Republic like veins through the human body. During one hundred years, in a thousand “battles, sieges, fortunes,” in Europe and Hindoo-stan, they have tested the military courage of this heroic race. They know that *they* will fight; and they are determined that the fanaticism of Protestant citizens shall gall them to madness, provoke them to fury, and light the fires of civil conflict. They believe that to outrage their religion is to banish peace from

America, and with peace—prosperity. In this way they will avenge, in the disasters of the Republic, the discomfitures of the revolution. With this view they have craftily employed their hireling poetaster, Tennyson, to revive in doggerel verse and halting metre, “the lie so oft overthrown.” “Queen Mary, a drama,” analyzed by every American newspaper, is calculated to fire every American mind. The object of the drama is to impress on the Americans those fallacious views which the inquiries of Tytler were beginning so auspiciously to dissipate. Though we believe in the history of the world there is nothing more diabolical than the fiendish schemes of British statesmen, with reference to this country, and though we suffer from their Machiavelism, we must admire their satanic ability. We must respect the vigilant statesmanship of Europe as we abhor the swinish drunkenness of Washington. It is not *they* who are to blame. They are only laboring in the traditionary manner of their predecessors, to serve and advance Great Britain. Precisely as the oceans of blood poured out in the Confederate rebellion rest on the heads of those presidents who did not, when they could, avert that calamity, by kindling in Ireland the flames of rebellion, and thus crippling the British monarchy (as it was their duty to do), so the human blood shed in the approaching conflict will rest upon the maudlin head of the inebriate Grant, as the corrupt and swinish incendiary of his native land. If that war take place, Grant should be impeached, because the means of averting it are perfectly within his reach. The President of the States should be held responsible for the tranquility of his country, which cannot be torn by discord if he does his duty. In short, American statesmen have a choice before them; they can jeopardize Britain and exalt America; or, they can enrich England and impoverish their native land. They can be Arnolds or Washingtons, but they cannot be both.

The instrumentality through which England succeeds in damaging this country—in creating broils and paralyzing business—in firing the “natives” and infuriating the “strangers;” in precipitating the blacks upon the whites, and whites upon the blacks; in pouring the “milk of concord into hell;” in stimulating Protestants to assail Catholics, and Catholics to detest and abhor Protestants, is the pro-English press of America. The pro-English papers are the apostles of riot; the propagandists of tumult, discord and disorder. This is their mission. There are papers in this country working night and day in the interests of England; preaching doctrines the most ruinous to America, the most beneficial to Great Britain. Telling us with astounding impudence and incredible audacity that “free-trade” is preferable to native industry; that “solid money” is the only true stimulant of commerce; that the blood-stained hand of England, red with the gore of American patriots, should be kissed and adored, and the

generous hand of Ireland, red with the blood of America's *enemies*, should be cast away in scorn, discarded with contempt, and spat upon with disgust. Among these incendiary publications, the most mischievous, perhaps, are the so-called "religious papers," whether Protestant or Catholic; whether published by the Harpers on the one hand, or the Brownsons on the other. The crafty and nefarious way in which they seek to injure America in the persons of her best citizens, will appear evident from the following extract from a recent number of "*Brownson's Review*."

"If the *Boston Pilot*," says Brownson, "insists on glorying in *our element*, let it visit our prisons, penitentiaries, almshouses, &c; above all, let it look into the reports of our police courts, and mark the frequency with which our element is brought up for drunkenness, and husbands of the same *element* for brutal beating and kicking their wives—not seldom even to death. It may also count the street Arabs belonging to the same 'element' that swarm in our cities, and live only by begging and stealing—chiefly by stealing. There it can find 'our element,' as also in the emigrants from remote Irish districts who have never been instructed in the first principles of religion and morality, and hardly know how to bless themselves. * * They are too apt to forget that they are not the only Catholics in this country; that they are not still in old Ireland; and that Irish politics are out of place here. As much as they profess to hate England, to be loyal to the United States, 7,000 of them in a single city who had abjured the British Crown, sworn allegiance to the Union and voted at our elections, in order to escape the draft in the late civil war denied their American citizenship and claimed British protection as British subjects. But enough of this, too much perhaps, and very much more than we would have said if such journals as the *Boston Pilot* and the *Irish World* had less impudence and showed more interest in Catholicity separate from Irish politics. What have Americans to do with Fenianism, Home Rule, and other like questions?"

The object of Brownson in writing the above is very obvious. The flagitious slanderer hopes to exasperate Irish citizens and fire them to acts of fury, which may provoke retribution and embroil the Republic. He is a disciple of Arnold, the traitor, whose partiality to England was as tervent as his own; while the people he vituperates—impassioned, vehement and sincere, are disciples of George Washington, the deadly enemy of British supremacy. Brownson forgets that a hundred thousand Irishmen died for the Union in the late war. Brownson proves to demonstration that the pro-English party in this country will stick at nothing which may jeopardize and lame the Republic. He is an incendiary of the most mischievous character.

In the preceding extract Mr. Brownson says that "Irish politics are out of place here," and he gives us very plainly to

understand that what he means by "Irish politics" is hostility to England. Was there ever anything so insane? What in the name of wonder made America "great, glorious and free," except "Irish politics," or in other words, hatred to English rule? It was by Irish politics, hostility to England, that America was rescued through the wisdom of Washington from slavery to Britain. It was by "Irish politics" that in 1812 she was rescued from the "Whiskered Pandours and the fierce Hussars" of England. Is she not indebted for her existence, as a republic, to "Irish politics"? Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Adams were all animated by what Brownson stigmatizes as "Irish politics." The moment she ceases to cherish "Irish politics," that moment she is ruined.

Mr. Brownson is fiercely opposed to that form of hostility to England which assumes the name of Fenianism. But he forgets that there is an American Fenianism in Carolina which abhors this republic, as there is an Irish Fenianism which revolts against the monarchy of Britain. He has no reprobation, no words of reproof for rebellion directed against America; he has the fiercest invectives for rebellion directed against England; because he is a masked traitor. And why should he be a traitor? Why should not Brownson be as loyal to the United States as to the "United Empire"? As loyal as Irishmen? "Perish, my country, so that Britain may be safe," seems to be the motto of this bastard Arnold. Why not love America which gave him birth, as well as England that can, and possibly does, give him money? Mr. Brownson's hostility to "Irish politics" is easily explained. He knows, in the depths of his heart, that were Ireland independent, and England crippled by the loss of this right arm, she could no longer set fire to the world and laugh at its agonies; she could no longer foster the serpent brood who hiss at Catholicity, the Mazzinis and Achillis and Garibaldis. She could not torture and vilify his Holiness. This is what he dreads; for the hypocrite in his heart is as deadly an enemy to the creed he professes as the country he inhabits. A power so nefarious as England cannot flourish without the aid of such scoundrels as Brownson. She cannot reduce America to the condition of Ireland without the help of such miscreants. Precisely as in war she engaged pirates to fight her Alabamas, so in peace she has her Brownsons and her Danas, and other intense haters of the Irish race to conduct her foul vehicles of lying slander; the one to rob and murder our people on the high seas, the others to foster prejudice, to create discord and poison the public mind against the truest citizens in this Union.

Let me repeat, if American statesmen were as able as those of Europe, they would imitate Cardinal Richeli  n, who, to save France from invasion, involved Germany in bloodshed, and stimulated in England that civil war which brought a monarch to the

scaffold. They would have saved America at any risk. If we could have exchanged statesmen—swopped the Johnsons for the Palmerstons—they would have liberated Ireland precisely as England attempted to liberate the Confederate rebels. But America never produced a real statesman, of broad views and ample capacity. Americans are clever business men, but in international politics they are perfect fools. They have been slaughtered in war and swindled in peace by the Machiavels of Britain, in a manner which reflects disgrace on their intelligence, and England is now preparing to swindle them again, and butcher them once more with their own hands. One thing is certain, the President who allows himself to be hoodwinked, outwitted, bamboozled and “sold” by English statesmen, deserves no mercy from the citizens whom his incapacity, or crime, involves in civil war. Every honest republican hand should wield a whip

“To lash the rascal, naked, through the world.”

As I said, the enemies of a nation usually adopt two modes of destroying it. One is open war, the other is internal dissension. In 1812 the English tried the first; in 1875 they are trying the second. By one or other of these appliances they hope sooner or later to shake this republic to pieces. The English during peace treat the Americans as the Matador in the Spanish circus treats the wild bull. The moment he flouts the wild bull with the red flag the creature loses its senses; it utters a loud bellow and dashes at the undulating rag blindly and ferociously, and is knocked down and slain by the Matador; so the moment the English raise the cry of “No Popery,” the American citizens lose their senses, they become frenzied, and dash at the Irish with the blind fury of the bull. The whole country is convulsed, disordered and jeopardized; it boils all over with rage and fury; literally goes dancing mad. At least this is what happened twenty-five years ago when Know Nothing lodges were established all over the Union by English agents, termed Irish Orangemen. In illustration of this I may quote what Senator Morton of Indiana said the other day: “I venture upon the bloody shirt, and though it don’t amount to much (in creating excitement) it is rather better than other expedients, but when I hit the Pope a blow between the eyes and denounce the Gaghan bill, I *do* find something like a response. We must light the sectarian fagot.”

This is the way to jeopardize American interests for the profit of English malevolence. In this way industry will be interrupted, prosperity destroyed, tranquility banished, and the carrying-trade of the world—the empire of the sea—relinquished to the greedy ambition of England.

The pamphlets written by Gladstone and canvassed so industriously in this country are a part of the satanic conspiracy against American prosperity which the statesmen of England are so

busily expert in concocting. Gladstone has never held office, and *can* never hold office, without the support of Irish Catholics in Parliament. In writing these pamphlets he is cutting the ground from under his own feet. In attacking their religion he is blasting his own prospects. No English statesman would make such a sacrifice unless he expected, as a reward, the ruin of America. This is what he aims at. Gladstone writes in England to create confusion here. He knows that American cottons sell in Manchester, American hardware in London, and American clocks everywhere. He is fired by this knowledge to assume the mask of a Maw-worm, and beat the "pulpit-drum ecclesiastic" with such maddening heat that the sound is caught up in America and resounds through this whole continent. The avowed object of his partisans here is to prevent the "growth of Popery," but their real object is to prevent the growth of American manufactures. They know well that when people are piously engaged in pummelling their neighbors' bodies for the good of their souls the pursuits of industry are neglected, and the gains of commerce despised. The present anti-Catholic movement is a deadly conspiracy which English statesmen have anvilied for the ruin of American industry. In a word, the frauds perpetrated on American "Spiritualists" by Katy King were not more egregious than the frauds perpetrated by political swindlers, like Gladstone, on the statesmen of the United States. At one time they shoot our people, at another they dupe; but at no time do they let them alone.

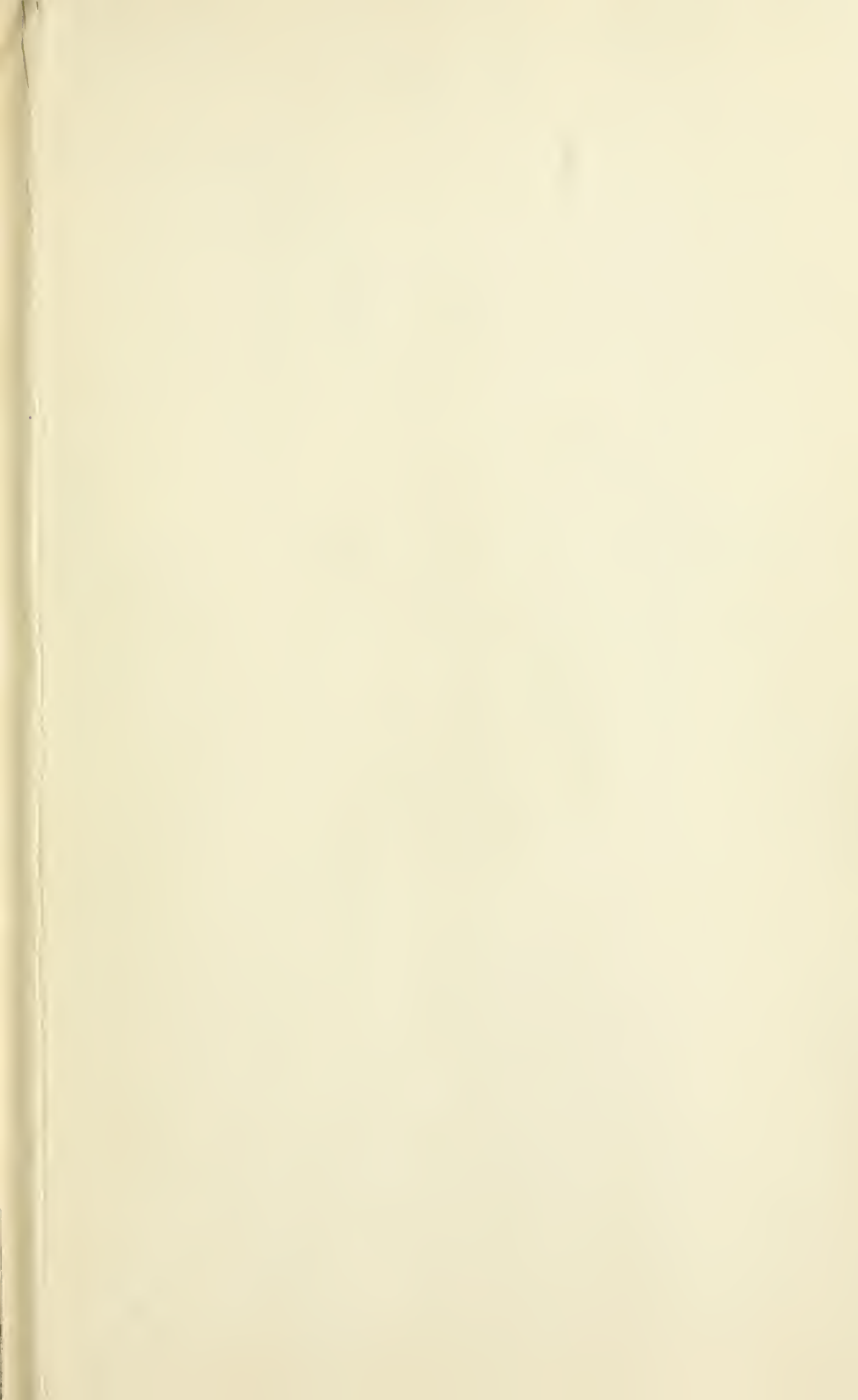
In conclusion, if Grant were at all worthy of the people who elected him, and the republic which he governs, he would meditate night and day on the words of the ancient patriot:

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Judging from his language, it seems probable that President Grant has entered into a deliberate complot to ruin this republic for the profit and advantage of the commercial classes of Great Britain. As in the late rebellion, the conspiracy of which Jeff. Davis was the soul destroyed the commercial marine of America—swept away our shipping—so the conspiracy of which Grant is the chief will destroy the factories and sweep away the manufacturing industry of the United States. If this be the case—if such a conspiracy exist—President Grant deserves to be impeached, precisely as Jeff. Davis deserved to be hanged.

FINIS.





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